VOL. 25---NO. 42

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din, Ring the old year out and the new

Like the voice of birds from the old

gray spire, Let your silvery music rise higher

Floating abroad o'er the hillside bare,

In billows of sound on the tremulou

Let it rise and fall with the fitful gale: Tell over city and wood the tale;

Say that to-night the old year dies! Bid the watchers look to the easter

skies, For the beautiful halo that tells afar

Of the weldome rise of the new year's

Ring the old year out with its sigh

and tears. Its withering heart-sches and the

some fears; Away with its memories of doubt and

wrong, Its cold deceits and its envylngs

All its pandering lures to the falter-

ing sense,
All its plaind shams and cold pre-

We will heap them together and bind

To the old man's load as he totters

past.
The ills that he brought he may take

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din! The old year has gone with its ca

skies See the beautiful star of the new year

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS.

It was New Year's Eve, and

he snow, which had been fall-

ing steadily all day, had now

ceased. A stinging north west

wind was blowing. The streets

houses closed. One, however,

and that the most imposing on

Fontleroy Square, blazed with

room wind we of this mansion,

holding on to the railing, and

looking in, was a woman, ap-

and who had once been bean

tiful. But her form was now

attenuated, as it by long sick

ness, perhaps even hunger, and

she was both poorly and thin-

"That is Hetty," she said, in

hushed whisper. "How beau-

In her eagerness she rose on

up-'oe, holding on to the rail-

ing, and litting ther head, till

Ar that moment, a gay, well

"Al! the 'Beautiful Blue

Danube," she cried. "How I

She distened, breathlessly,

ull the last bars of the music

had died away. Then the

"If only papa would come

this way," she murmered. "He

will never torgive me, I know

he will never, never speak to

see his dear face, only once-

"Hitlo, there!" cried a rough

voice beside her, and a police

man's band was laid on her

shoulder. "Move on," move on

and fled, frightened from the

big, burly policeman, But she

went no further than around

the corner. There, hiding be-

hind a tree, she watched till he

had disappeared on his beat,

to the window.

and then stealthy crept back

"Dear Hetty," she said, as

slender, graceful girl again ap-

proached the window, escorted

by a cavalier, who bent down

to listen to her in a way that

told a whole story of love and

adoration, "the glamour is on

her too. God grant she may

Helien Fortescue, for that

She shrank as it polluted.

cromenading began again

used to love to waltz to it."

remembered air rose, from

her bonnet fell backwards.

tiful she has grown."

within.

ly clad.

streng.

west!

flowers,-

star! Home and

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A HITERNS D. DER DAY lare better than I did!" The above house is now handsomely furished controlly located, convenient british was the wayfarer's name, hal to look in, hope was the wayfarer's name, hal to look in, hope was the wayfarer's name, hal to look in, hope the market affords. The proposers in the iseen a high-spirited petted, imtheir friends in Violen county to give them a pulsive girl, when, at eighteen, and as her tee

MCARTHUR, OHIO, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

lieved in, even after she had see papa." been told his real character. that most invaluable of all things to a young girl, a moth-

interview, in which Mr. For or so tittle, for so long," tescue forbade the suitor his was borne off, by terrified ser again; Keep we the Joys, let him bury the Ring soft, oh bells, as he goes to rest Far in the shades of the darkening her away, to wake, only too soon, from her dream of love and happiness.

For her husband did not Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates, Chid, in tinted light the new year even pretend to care for her, Welcome him in with the rosy band. Who wait the wave of his beckoning now that he found she had come to him penniless. A few months after, when the money Hopewith her wreaths of sweet spring Joy for the summer's glowing hours Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall And love for all seasons—best of all. Ring merrily bells!—o'er the blushing raised by the sale of her jewels, was spent, he brutally deserted her. This happened at an outof-the-way German town, and the shock nearly cost Helen her life. Her baby, born in this hour of two-fold agony, only survived for a little while; and then the poor, hopeless girl was utterly desolate; for as long as the ch ild lived, Helen had something to love; she was not wholly miserable were deserted, and most of the She had supported herselt, during all these sad months, part by the sale of her wardrobe, and partly by her needle; but light, for a ball was being given when the tiny coffin was paid for, and the innocent baby laid litterally destitute. Then began a terrible struggle, a strug gle merely for bread to eat. parently not over twenty-one, Hundreds of times, Helen felt that it would be a blessing it she could die; but death would not come; she was too healthy she had too much vitality, ito sink even under such burdens as oppressed her. She lingered at the obscure town, where her infant was buried, as long as she could, clinging to the last to that grass-grown hill lock, where all that was left to her was laid; but subsistence was, from the first, difficult to be earned there, and finally became impossible; and then she set her face homeward, with a sort of desperate feeling, saying 'Let me but see them once

> again, and then I will lie down and die." By what lonely wanderings, through what hunger and sul ferings, she fought, ber way months after, back to Ameri ca, who can tell Yet she did not return, because she hoped to be forgiven. No! she knew her father too well for that .-But at the end her health be gan to fail, a racking cough set in, and the desire grew on her to creep within sight of the old house, and he down and die. Sometimes, in her nights of lever, she thought that, perhaps, she might catch a glimpse of Hetty, or per father, afar off, they not seeing her. Or perhaps they might brush by her in the street, so that she could touch their garments, unknown to them.

> This very day she had reach ed her native city, penniless, having spent her last dollar in railroad fare. She had eaten nothing all day. She knew not where she was to sleep. She

ble, handsome adventurer, who chatter, for the wind blew called himself a count, and keener than ever. "I feel so her old room," he said, with a whom she clung to and be- tired, too. Ohl if I could only choking sob. "Run for a doc-

Had her mother lived, it might and more drowsy; but she did practitioner in the city, rose have been different. But Mrs. not feel chilly now; only her from Helen's side where he Fortescue had been dead for limbs seemed to be giving had been feeling her pulse, "I more than ten years, and poor away under her strangely, and forgot you was here. Only Helen had grown up without, her brain got dulled and fainted, you say? Thank God! stunned.

"I will rest awhile," she said er's constant supervising care, finally, sitting down on the words of Scripture, the tears For now her once loved fath- door stop. "By and by I shall rolling down his cheeks, his er seemed both prejudiced and feel stronger. No wonder 1 tyrannical. There was a stormy am tired, I have not slept any,

When, some time after, the house; an elopement; a vain ball began to break up, and lather's neck, "bless you for appeal of the young wife for the first carriages to arrive the those words. We shall be-so lorgiveness; a curse, life rally footmen found an Insensible happy-so happy-now--like that of the old Hebrews, figure on the door steps, halt She broke down in hysteric pronounced on the disobedient lying, half leaning against the sobs. child: and then a fainting girl railing. The news of so strange an event soon penetrated to vants, to the carriage, that had the master of the house, usualwaited for her, and which bore ly kind-hearted almost to a hier old vivacity. Life had been fault, war and all all

almost? That makes no differ. the death of his wife. ence. Why on such a night, I wouldn't turn a dog from the

Helen was being borne according to these directions, when the old Butler, who had been in the family for years, came bustling along the hall, Changed as she was, he recog: on New Year's Eve. nized hereat once sate f. f.

"What are you doing?" he' cried, in a frightened tone .-"Told to carry her to the house. keeper's room, you say? There must be some mistake. Put her down here," and he point ed to a lounge in the hatt.

He was so dazed he hardly knew what he said, or did; his on all the railroads in those Before one of the drawing- in its humble grave, she was voice trembled till it ended in States, and there is a special a quaver.

"A crowd of curious servants and sympathizing guest gathered immediately around the prostrate form, and the noise attrac ed the attention of Mr. Fortescue, who, with Hetty, stood in the back drawing room, receiving the adieus of their departing guests.

"What? James wont let her te carried in? he cried. "We'll see about thail He's lived with me till he thinks he's master. But this is insuffera ble."

As he spoke, he moved toward the haller Hetty by some ineccutable instinct, tollowed, putting her arm in his.

The crowd parted to make vay for the hoat. I ft o

The moment Hetty saw that pale, wan face, she recognized

"Oh, papal toh, papal tit is Helen," she cried, in a breath less whisper; and bursting into tears, she flung herself on her

knees by the couch.

"Betlen, dear Hellen-don't you know me?" she sobbed .-Oh! she is dead, she is dead," she cried, almost in a shrick. For a moment Mr. Fortescue seemed about to stoop and drag Hatty angelly away from its subscribers and habitual her sister. But something in the pale, inanimate face re

minded him of his dead wite, as he had last seen her, just be- circulation is greater than that fore the coffin-lid was shut on her lorever. He turned ashen pale, staggered, and would have tallen, if the butler, who had been watching him auxiously, had not caught him. "Air, aid For God's sake,

gentlemnen, give him air," cried that functionary. The rush of the keen, frosty

atmosphere, from the open hallhad come, instinctively, to the door, as the spectators, drew old home; but she did not dare back at these words, partially to enter; all she could do was revived Mr. Fortescud. He spure no effort, and no expense, was the wayfarer's name, hal to look in, hopelessly, as she gasged for breath, lonoked athome and abroad to obtain "How cold it grows," she hand to his head, then he re- expressible intest intelligence

tor. Ahl Mr. Hunter," as one Gradually she grew more of his guests, the most emment She that was lost is found," un consciously breaking into the

> dead is alive again." "Oh, papal" cried Hetty, throwing her arms around her

> voice shaking, "she that was

What more have we to tell? Helen recovered in time, all her old health, though never too hard for her for that. But "Bless me," he cried. "A she became what was better, a homeless woman. Dead. or calm, earnest woman whose ear dving, did you sar? Have her was ever open to the cry of discarried to the housekeeper's tress, a daughter who made her room. See that everything is father's home happier than it done that can be. A beggar had ever been, at least since

For Hetty married and left Helen sole mistress. Helen had recognized her sister walk ing up and down the room, as we have seen; and it was then that Hetty had exchanged the vows that were to bind her for li e, on that never to be-lorgot-

## THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL

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cording to display and position the best terms offered by any first-class journal, charreter and extent of circulation considered. M. HALSTEAD & CO.

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PREHISTORIC MEN.

Remarkable Discoveries Recently Made in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Mr. W. F. Putnam, jr. of Sa-

lem, Mass., director of the Peabody Academy and a Vice President of the EssexInstitute, has been making a scientific exploration of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. He took home with him several specimens of the eyeless fish which abound in the rivers of the unknown to exist there. These latter have eyes and are of a blackish color-the blind fish being nearly white. Microsco pic examination of the blind fish showed, where the eyes should be, a number of delicate threads which would seem to float above their heads. These are nervous filaments by which the sense of touch is made to replace that of sight. The fish that have eyes swim close to the bottom of the water instead fish do. A correspondent of that paper an account of the discoveries, considers this fact a staggerer to the theory of Mr Darwin. "It," he says, "as the Darwinians claim, the blind fish had lost the sense of sight from lack of need of it, and had been bleached out by the darkness in which they lived, these other fishes living still below, and, if possible, in darker place than their eyeless brethren, should be quite as blind,and even more colorless." Mr. Putnam found a strange variety of flora, which was pretty much all root. But the most remarkable discovery of all was

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in the soil miles within these other caves. Some miles in, events, and discussions of the also, they noticed curious piles of stones, which had in the center a round hole, which seemed to be blackened by a charred substance. Further in they came upon bunches of ingous tied with ropes of grass, which were evidently the tapers set to burn in these cairn candlesticks. They also found moccasins of woven grass, here one and there another, in the soil, as though they had been cast off by their probably prehistoric owners; and in one place a paper, tied up together by the same twine of woven grass. It is impossible, at first sight, to say whether these remains are hundreds or thousands of years old; but they are at any rate prehistoric, and there are indications to show that they reach far back to the antiquity of the Roman cave dwellers. Implements and utensils are also found in abundance, such as have been not be suspected of tampering discovered in European caves as well."

A Kind Word of Caution.

there is an evident inclination with some Granges to establish co-operative stores. We think they are wrong, with que deterence to them. Iné more we examine the matter, the more we are convinced that it is hezardous and that the larvass for new subscribers, and it mets will save money by letdug it alone. The system has been tried in other portions of the country, but with bad consequences. There is scarcely a somary instance where it has succeeded, and it has been abauttoned by nine tenths of those who have given it a trial. When the larmers conclude

to divide their time, energy,

they may look out for breakers ahead, for they are certain to be encountered. They wilt lay the loundation for luture trouble, annoyance and loss of money. It is dangerous to Advertising rates from 10 to have too many irons in the fire. 40 cents per agate line, ac- One is enough in this instance. To tarm successiuity, the bustness must have the undivided attention of the farmer, and all the capital and good sense he can command. He can not withdraw any portion of his means from the soil and apply them to mercantile operations. Let him try it, and see if he is not swamped. Farming 18 a business, and a big one at that, so much so, in fact, that it must be closely stuck to all the time, The cause of its drawback is the want of capital and energetic action. We have this to say to all who have any desire to' embark in co operative stores, that they will confront serious difficulties and probable disasters. They must either rent or build store houses of their own. They must hire clerks or agents to buy and cave, and a few fish hitherto sell their goods. They must pay an income tax and other expenses not apparent at present. They must run the risk of employing dishonest agents, of losing money at their sales, of making some bad debts and of final tankruptcy and ruin. If they have any capital to spare from their farms it would be far better for them to put it at interest than to risk it in an adventure of this sort. But how can so many stockholders, who would likely be concerned in a co-operative store watch over their interests? Have they time to do it? And then, of near the surface, as the blind "what's everybody's business is nobody's business." Hence the the New York Mail, who gives presumption is a fair one that it would get little or no atten-

tion from the stockholders. If the farmers will only be patient, and take pains to understand and apply the business system which our Order has established, they will find they have no need of co-opera tive stores. We have two clearly defined ways of making our purchases, either one of which, if properly controlled, would meet our demands. The one is trading directly with certain houses whose "confidential circulars" are or should be in the hands of every Grange; and the other is buying through authorized agents, who will effect purchases for them at a nominal per cent. Here is no risk: no investment except what that of human remains. Says they actually need; no outlay the Mail correspondent : "Mr. in the way of incidental expen-Putnam has brought home seve ses, and no lears of bankrubtered